

# LOST TANGOS



LO.FIELD FOX



not kiss it. He then p  
to speak to him confid  
francs. He then look  
toward the glass revol  
by Jacques who, with  
hat

Colleen Hale

## L'ultimo tango

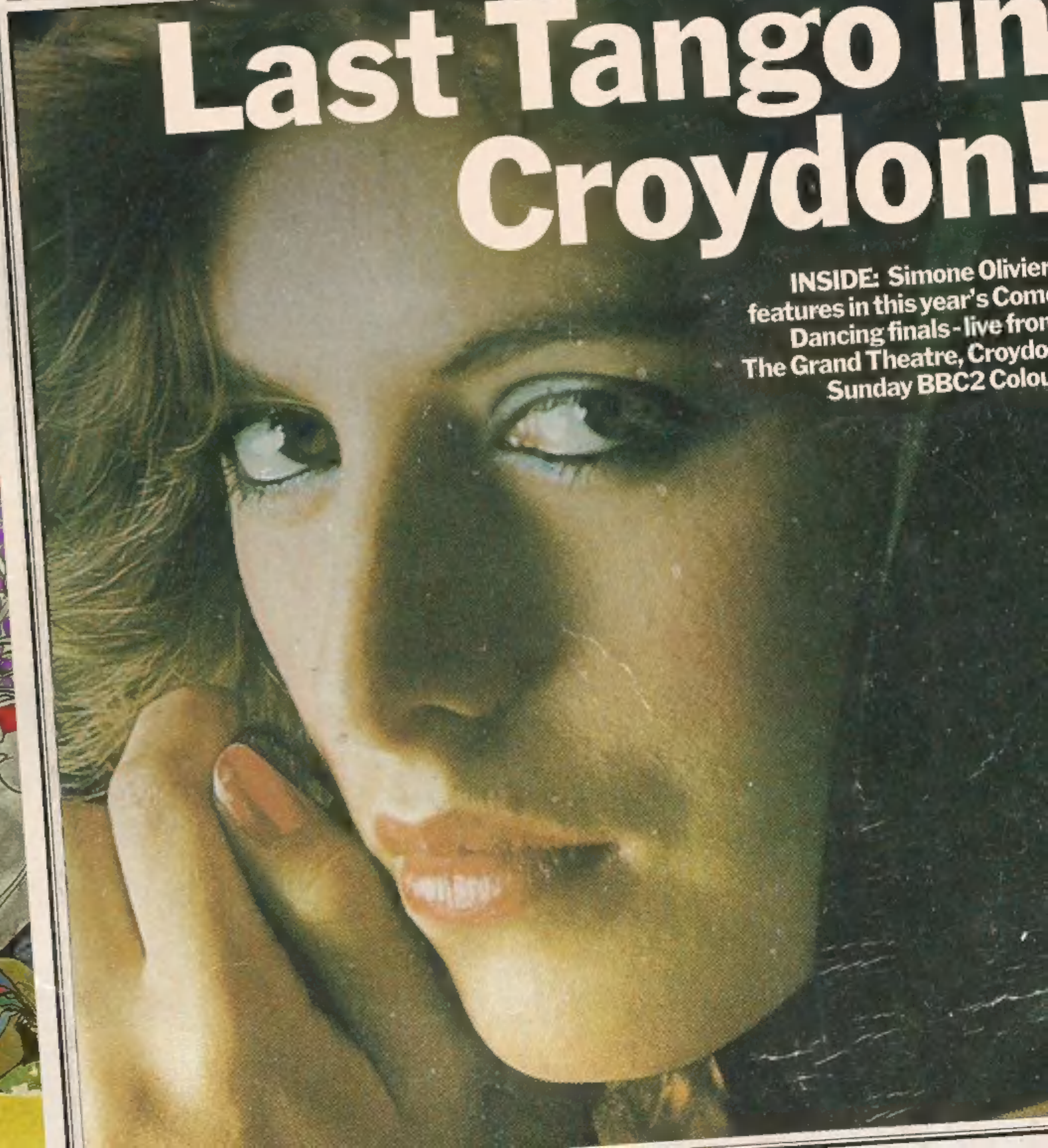


GENNARO  
FIONDELLA  
Editore

# RadioTimes

## Last Tango in Croydon!

INSIDE: Simone Olivier  
features in this year's Com  
Dancing finals - live from  
The Grand Theatre, Croydon  
Sunday BBC2 Colour

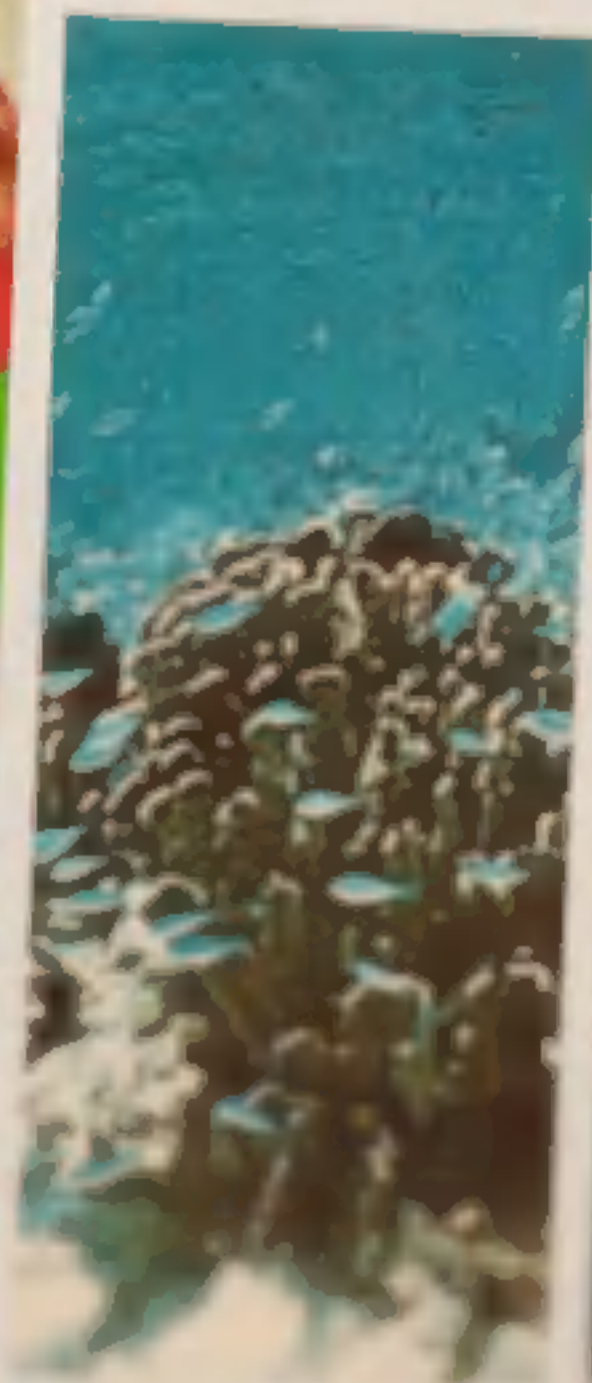




# How To Dance The Tango

KNOW-MORE  
BOOK

06



MUSIC





# IL MONDO DELLE EMOZIONI

Basato sulla  
popolare serie  
televisiva

GENNARO  
FIONDELLA  
Editore





live cinema the name of  
 much lesser known  
 contemporaries. And  
 the Hollywood system  
 turn out a number of  
 are and did not allow  
 ess to stem the flow of

some parents Hollande  
 staire his mother had  
 deliberately broke his  
 is from becoming a  
 and effectively putting  
 teams.

Paris' left bank during  
 he had a number of  
 aped with an American  
 y sold their belongings  
 Hollywood. They both  
 ntry but after a year  
 h. His new wife elected  
 e had seen had horrified  
 y in the films being  
 n to Europe with the  
 movies for the masses.

pered. As much as he  
 of the would he found  
 the kind of movies he  
 rira.

ed many forgotten 'B'  
 selection, written with  
 old friend from the left  
 son', (US release: 'Fish  
 at a girl who is probably  
 all-time thief who takes  
 ving enough of this life,  
 e - a little-known French  
 never really took off)  
 the water but the thief  
 in a gun battle with the

on spent the rest of his  
 film again and again,  
 e and always casting  
 in the 'lead' part which  
 animal hybrid. Menne  
 'Monkey Gorf', 'Tiger  
 in Gorf', 'The Frog Gorf  
 children's television) and

eventually 'Daughter of Fish Girl'.

In 1961 Hollande at last moved away from this  
 genre and attempted to produce a more  
 conventional love story with some drama thrown  
 into the mix. 'Tango Girl' begins in Argentina  
 where a beautiful young woman spurns the  
 affections of two hot-blooded would be lovers.  
 She flees to Europe where she meets  
 middle-aged French business man and for  
 while is content living in a small apartment  
 Paris. But she stumbles upon a tango hall and  
 begins to dance again when her lover is away.  
 Here she falls in love with a young Parisian man  
 but their relationship is complicated when the  
 two rejected Latinos arrive to take revenge. The  
 girl attempts to play the Latinos against her  
 business man lover but the whole thing ends in  
 tragedy for everyone.

Starting this weekend on BBC2 you will have a  
 chance to compare Hollande's various efforts as  
 we present a season of his films which will  
 conclude with 'Tango Girl' - by far his best  
 accomplishment.



**SATURDAY tv**

**BBC 2**

**2.40**

## Saturday Cinema: Tango Girl

starring **Richard Dornan, Sofia Amor**  
 A beautiful Argentinian tango dancer is  
 pursued all the way to Europe by two  
 men who have fallen in love with her.  
 To avoid them she takes up with an  
 older French business man but the lure  
 of a Parisian tango club draws her back  
 to her roots and the spurned lovers join  
 forces to exact revenge.

Jean-Paul.....	RICHARD DORNAN
Camila.....	SOFIA AMOR
Lopez.....	TITO GARCIA
Gonzalez.....	ARMANDO CALVO
Mme Fremissant.....	LISSETTE TOURS
Jacques.....	MICHEL BOUILLANT
Genevieve.....	MARGOT LEGRAND

Screenplay by CHRISTOPHE GOWANS  
 Produced/directed by YVES HOLLANDE  
 (Black and white, subtitles) Films: page 15  
 (First showing on British television)

**4.10**

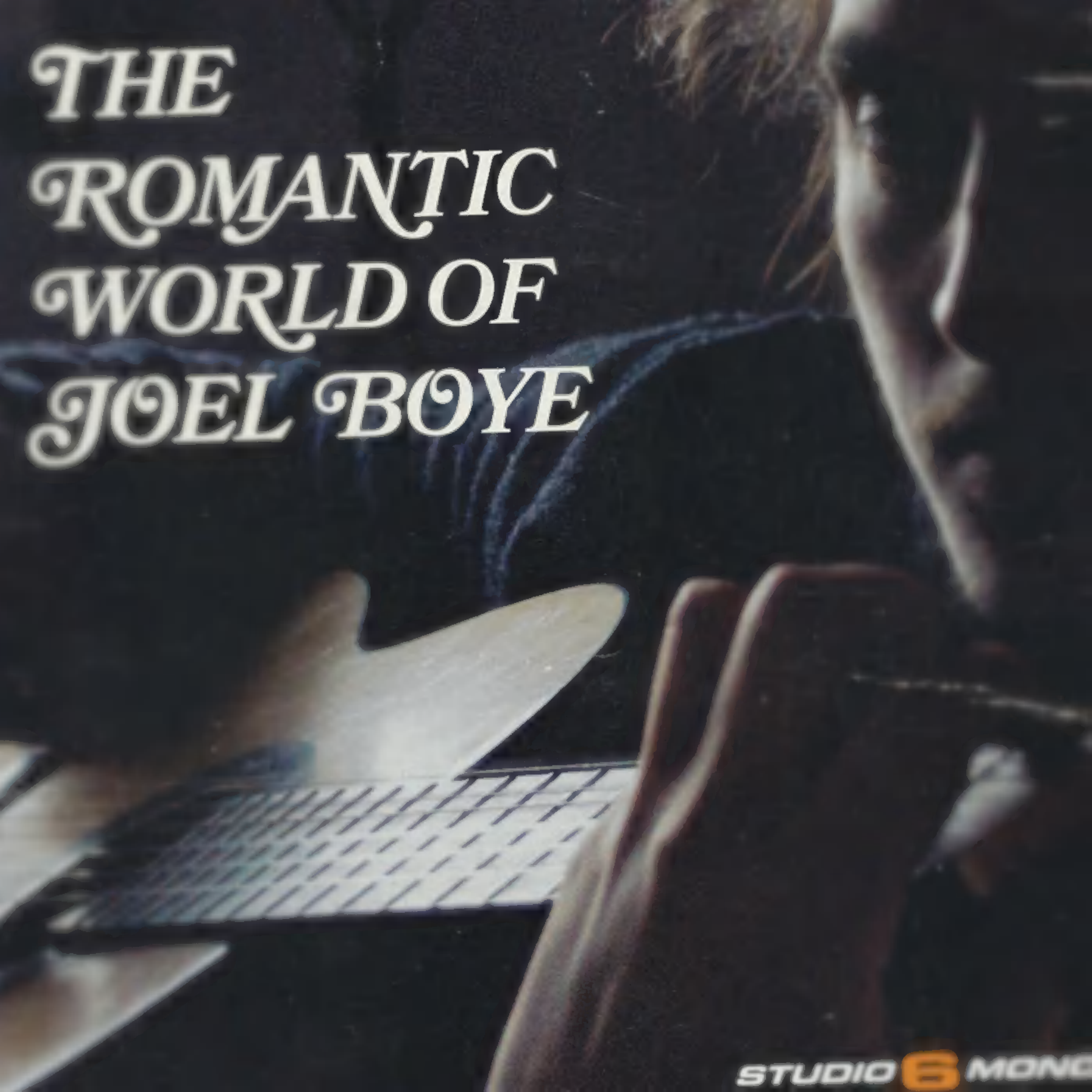
## Cliffhanger

with Peter Jay

Documentary about free-climber Neil  
 Hallsworth as he tackles some of the  
 most difficult rock faces in Britain.

Incidental music DUDLEY SIMPSON  
 Script editor DAVID WILLIAMS  
 Producer RUPERT GIENT (Repeat)





# THE ROMANTIC WORLD OF JOEL BOYE





not kiss it. He then put an arm around Jac to speak to him confidentially and - Camila francs. He then looked back at her, gave a toward the glass revolving door once again by Jacques who, with a cry of 'Monsieur!' hat.

'Merci bien, Jacques,' said the man through the door and into the street, turning out of sight.

'Mademoiselle, si'l-vous-plait,' said Ja drained the cup of coffee and followed the elevator...

If the concierge had perhaps escorted of apartments he had lost none of his polite p Camila with courtesy and respect. After he apartment with a large bunch of keys he to enter the room first.

Golden Parisienne sunshine filled the lace net curtains that lifted gently in a bright light found its home on golden picture frame and on the floorboards which had been stained hue.

A large *bureau* dominated one end of seemed little used and maybe too tidy. A chairs and sofas were all covered in a rich with numerous ornate cushions and drapes.

While Camila stood and took this in through another door and he now reappe *bains* was properly prepared for its guest.

'Will there be anything else, Mademoiselle?

'Non, merci beaucoup,' said Camila.

Deferentially, the concierge left the glance around as if to memorize its contents gently but firmly behind him.

Camila stood stock still for a few movement, unbuttoning her light coat floor and then pulling her soaked dress same. She walked toward the balcony stepped out. The rain had stopped but warmth to it and the air was now humid grey clouds as they retreated toward the

Walking back into the room, Camila

# Tango Girl

Yves Hollande





The gentleman seemed to change his mind and hurried back into the lobby, the concierge hesitating before asking if there was anything wrong. But the man did not even glance at him. He simply said 'No, nothing's wrong,' removed his hat and gave it to the concierge at the same time as he began to walk directly toward Camila. All this time his eyes had been on her and she had returned his gaze steadily whilst blowing gently on the still steaming coffee. He stopped directly in front of her table and looked at her. She raised her eyes a little to return his gaze but said nothing, waiting.

'Excuse-moi, Mademoiselle,' he began. 'I have not seen you here before.'

'I have not been here before,' said Camila.

'May I ask if you are here to meet someone?'

Camila lowered her voice in conspiratorial tones.

'No,' she whispered, and smiled a little.

The man immediately joined in the game, glancing around the empty lobby and bending forward before speaking in hushed tones himself.

'Then what are you doing here?'

'Police.'

'Police?!' He drew back a little, pretending to be shocked.

'You are under cover?' he said, waving a hand at her clothes.

'No. I mean I am on the run from the police,' Camila said, retaining her serious expression and taking a cautious sip of her coffee.

For a moment the man said nothing. Then he moved quickly to the seat next to her and sat down, crossing his legs and deliberately looked away from Camila and toward the lobby windows.

'Are you expecting to be discovered?'

'No!' said Camila triumphantly. 'I feel I am quite safe here. Especially now you are here to protect me.'

The man turned and looked admiringly at her innocent expression as she took another sip of coffee.

'But you are wet through. I insist you use my rooms here to dry yourself and your clothes.'

He looked toward the doorman.

'Jacques!'

The concierge hurried over. 'Monsieur?'

'Jacques, this young lady needs to use my rooms in order to dry herself. Please escort her upstairs and unlock the door for her.'

He turned back to Camila. 'Mademoiselle, I am at your disposal but have to go out for a while. Please follow Jacques and do not hesitate to ask if you need anything.'

The man rose from his seat, took Camila's hand gently but did

not kiss it. He then put an arm around Jacques to speak to him confidentially and - Camila noticed - francs. He then looked back at her, gave a wave toward the glass revolving door once again opened by Jacques who, with a cry of 'Monsieur!' caught his hat.

'Merci bien, Jacques,' said the man and disappeared through the door and into the street, turning his head out of sight.

'Mademoiselle, si'l-vous-plait,' said Jacques, drained the cup of coffee and followed the concierge to the elevator...

If the concierge had perhaps escorted other guests to apartments he had lost none of his polite profession. He treated Camila with courtesy and respect. After he unlocked the apartment with a large bunch of keys he stepped in to enter the room first.

Golden Parisienne sunshine filled the room, lace net curtains that lifted gently in a breeze. Light found its home on golden picture frames and on the floorboards which had been stained a rich hue.

A large *bureau* dominated one end of the room. It seemed little used and maybe too tidy. A *chaise longue* and sofas were all covered in a rich gold cloth with numerous ornate cushions and drapes.

While Camila stood and took this in, the concierge disappeared through another door and he now reappeared. The *bains* was properly prepared for its guest.

'Will there be anything else, Mademoiselle?'

'Non, merci beaucoup,' said Camila.

Deferentially, the concierge left the room, glancing around as if to memorize its contents and then bowed gently but firmly behind him.

Camila stood stock still for a few moments, without movement, unbuttoning her light coat and dropping it on the floor and then pulling her soaked dress over her head. She walked toward the balcony, opened the door and stepped out. The rain had stopped but the sun was still warm to it and the air was now humid. The grey clouds as they retreated toward the west.

Walking back into the room, Camila entered the





# LOST TANGOS

"I only delve into the past, never dive. My forays are short robberies; I grab, snatch, fill my pockets and then run back, lest I get caught. Or trapped. Once safely home I turn out my haul into my Macintosh and push and pull it, tightly stretching the sounds over the rhythms from my antique collection of drum boxes..."

"Yesterday I sat enthralled gazing at tango movement; Heard songs sung nearly a century ago. I saw jealous men throw their women around while extras stood by. I listened through the scratches to a Spanish guitar played with passion and tenderness..."

~ The Lofield Fox